

UNIVERSITY

War Hospital Gazette

SOUTHAMPTON

A Monthly Magazine of Humour, Verse and Interest by the Patients and Staff



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depended upon yourself."

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OCTOBER, 1917.

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University College Hospital Gazette, SOUTHAMPTON.

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Vol. I.

OCTOBER, 1917.

No. 1.



Lieut. Col. R. E. LAUDER.
Officer-in-Charge.

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INTRODUCTORY.



E make no apology for launching this little effort on the Sea of Fame, for it has long been felt and urged that some production of the kind was needed to alleviate the lot of not only the sick and wounded, but also the male and female staff, whose life in Hospital is, at the best, apt to be very trying and monotonous.

At the outset, too much stress cannot be laid on the fact that it is Tommy's Magazine, and the promoters earnestly hope that he will make its columns an outlet for his energies, that he will air his grievances therein, and that he will contribute such verse and story as he might think would entertain and amuse his comrades.

Our esteemed C.O., Lieut.-Col. R. E. Lauder, has very kindly permitted the UNIVERSITY WAR HOSPITAL GAZETTE to be produced, and expresses the earnest hope that its sole object—to amuse and entertain the "man in blue"—will be accomplished. To make the venture a bumping success, however, it behoves all and sundry to assist.

To float a journal even on so small a scale is no light task and we must look to readers for assistance. The UNIVERSITY WAR HOSPITAL GAZETTE will not only prove a source of enjoyment now, but, if preserved, will, in later years when peace reigns over the land, help to remind you of the time when you did "your bit" for your beloved Empire, in the cause of Justice and Freedom.

When you have finished with this copy, do not destroy it. Your relatives and friends, whether in the British Isles, Australia, Canada, New Zealand, South Africa, or any other part of the world, will treasure it as a souvenir of "The Great War," and particularly of your sojourn in the University War Hospital, Southampton.

SERGT. R. LYNE }
SERGT. C. W. SIMPSON } Editors.

"OLD BILL."

A DAY'S EXPERIENCE IN THE HOSPITAL DISPENSARY.

Having been commissioned by the Editor to visit the Hospital Dispensary and obtain information re the working of same, I wended my way thither at 9 a.m. sharp last Sunday, the Sabbath being a day of comparative rest!!! I found on the door various directions as to how to obtain admission; also directions to Sisters, V.A.D.'s, and Orderlies, as to "what to do" and "how to do it" after entering the sanctum.

Crossing the portal, I found "Old Bill," the breezy Sergeant, pen in hand, busy pondering over an Army form, the number of which is well known in the Q.M.'s Office.

"Good morning, sir," he said, greeting me in his usual polite and genial manner. "What can I do for you?" "Oh! come for an interview? Thought you were another 'civi' doctor—one of the Yankee crowd. Want to know something about the work? You've come to the wrong place. We don't work here. Excuse me," he said, turning aside.

"What is it, Nurse?"

"Sister would like to have her lotion now. Capt. —— has come early, and she wants to get on with her dressings."

"Certainly, Nurse, with pleasure; but she ought to be fully dressed before breakfast. It is all right this time, but send it down with basket and book in future."

"Now" (turning to me) "the Army form here. What is it? You thought I was playing noughts and crosses, eh? No; this is the medical return. Commenced stock-taking this morning at 6 a.m. Didn't start earlier owing to the waste of electric light. Yes, like the Banks, we do this every half-year. Hard-worked fellows, we are. Does it take long to make out the return after the stock has been taken? No; about half an hour is the War Office idea of it, including stoppages."

An Orderly enters and approaches hesitatingly.

"Hello, Orderly! What's up now?"

Capt. —— wants a splint. I forget what kind."

"This is what he wants. Take it to Harris, the carpenter, and ask him to saw four inches off. Then go to the Engineer and get him to bend the iron support three inches to the right. By thickly padding it afterwards it's bound to fit."

"Old Bill," after courteously giving these instructions to the Orderly, turned to me in reply to my question: "Do you like the work?"

"Don't know about the work, but I like the life," he said. I was bombarding him with more questions, when an auburn-haired individual, without tunic, glided through the doorway.

"Sergeant," said he of the golden locks, "have you any good, strong razors?"

"What for?" said the old 'un.

"I have got a 'bloke' in the mortuary, and he wants shaving," replied "Ginger."

"Haven't any razors, 'Ginger.' Why not singe him?" A happy thought this, evidently, for "Ginger" went on his way rejoicing; whereupon a smart little doctor entered.

"Oh, by the way, Sergeant. Who are we playing on Saturday? When will it be convenient to choose the team? Did well last Saturday to beat those Munitioneers, didn't we?"

"Yes, doctor. Will be in the Board Room at 12.40. That do? Very well; good morning, sir."

Was about to continue the interview, when a smart-looking Sergeant appeared in the offing.

"Got any Formalin, Bill?"

"What's up now, Sam?"

"The 'live stock' has broken loose in the Pack Stores."

"I haven't any Formalin," said Bill. "Chase 'em with a hammer!"

"Hello, Martha! What's that? The fish hasn't come for the orderlies' breakfast? See Sergeant Martin about that. If you can't find him, give them chops or beef-steak."

A Probationer, who in the meanwhile had been fingering some gallipots, and evidently thinking how useful they would be for making jam, surreptitiously, approached the table.

"Sergeant, will you play the piano for Sister to-night in Hut X? Nurse Raymond is fiddling, and Dr. Goulston is bringing his 'cello, and there are others."

"Certainly. What time did you say—7 o'clock sharp? Shall be there."

Had no time to speak to the busy Sergeant before the Quarter-Master came in whistling "There is a Happy Land"—il est un brique et un joli boi.

"Now, Sergeant, what about keeping the expenses of the Dispensary down? You are using a lot of gas, keeping the Geyser jet lit all the time.

"Yes, sir," said "Old Bill," "but one has to light one's cigarettes, and the Hospital doesn't supply matches. Talking about "ex's," sir, has anything been said about increasing the £1,000 a year I am not drawing at present? Thought not, sir. Shall be careful of the gas. Good morning, sir."

"No, Sister," (to a rosy-cheeked Q.A., evidently from Erin's Isle) "you can't have those things to-day. Baskets should be here before 10.30 a.m. It is now 11.45 a.m. Came yourself to see if I would overlook it this time? Let me see, what huts are you in charge of—9, 11, and 16? Oh! that is all right. You can have it with pleasure."

All smiles, the lady departed.

"Awfully sorry to keep you waiting, old man," said "Old Bill." "Have a cigar whilst I see what this Nurse wants.

"Well, Nurse" (from whom he received a very decided "oeil joyeuse") "just brought the basket down? No Orderly in your huts—what! You had to go for the brandy and stout at 11 a.m.? You are lucky—I have to wait until "opening-time." Who is in charge of your 'hut'?" (Whispering followed). "Sister—? Souffle la femme." (Bill being a youth of moderate language, and his French much worse.) "Oh, yes, I know her. Is she there now?"

"Yes," came the reply. "Come round for it when she has gone off duty."

A "flying bedstead" (Ford car) then drew up outside the Dispensary, and the driver—a female in khaki attire—came in.

"Sarge, the engine is running rotten this morning? Can you tell me what is wrong?"

"Certaintainly, ma chere, if possible. Probably you require a new sparking plug, or the carburettor jet may be choked. Any petrol in the tank? No? There you are! Let me help you. Yes, a pint is quite sufficient. It will do to clean the old tunic, and also the spots off the Sisters' capes.

Having fixed up the fair driver, Bill returned to the scene of his activities in time to receive very precise instructions from a learned-looking doctor to carefully sterilize and prepare a "1 in 250" solution of Atrophine for the eyes. No sooner had this been noted than a patient entered, also with instructions.

"Gi' us a bucket o' whitewash for t' Matron's tinnis court." There is no end to Bill's capabilities, and the want was supplied.

Enter Mrs. Handyside (Women's Superintendent).

"Will it be convenient to scrub you out to-day?" Bill: "Yes, Sister, send the 'fairies' along."

"I asked him: "Have you many mornings like this?"

"What! This is a very quiet morning. But it is getting on for dinner-time now. Let's go across to the canteen, did you say"? Sorry, chum, but there ain't no canteen. The men might drink beer—bless yer. The 'Stile,' did you say? Not 'arf! Wait till I get my tunic."

W. S. P.



THE CHURCH ARMY HUT.

Patients and Staff, alike, have every reason to appreciate the kindness and help given them by the honorary officials of the Church Army Hut at the University War Hospital. No effort has been spared by the lady helpers to interest, help, and amuse our boys.

That they have been successful in their aims is particularly noticeable, and the patients spend many happy hours with the piano, organ, billiards, books, gramophone, and needlework. There are several ways of spending a happy and profitable hour.

We thoroughly appreciate all that the Church Army and its helpers are doing for us, and feel that their efforts should meet with the ardent support of those whose aim is to help the man who has "done his bit."



EDITORS' REMARKS.

We wish to extend our most sincere and grateful thanks to all who have given their assistance in producing this magazine. The various contributors will, we trust, continue to help as regards future issues.

PERSONAL.

In the absence of the President, Lieut.-Col. R. E. Lauder, Capt. C. L. S. James took the chair at the first meeting of the "Magazine Executive Committee," held in the Board Room on the afternoon of Saturday, September 22nd.

There were also present Capt. B. S. Taylor, Sergt. R. Lyne, Sergt. C. W. Simpson, and Sergt. A. L. Teitzel.

The preliminary arrangements for publication were discussed and arranged.

Tommies. The tedium of Hospital life is appreciably lightened by these shows, and the horrors of war are forgotten in the joy of the moment.

+ + +

Miss F. Street, who for upwards of 2½ years has been leading hand in the hospital Laundry, has been the recipient of a handsome mahogany inlaid timepiece, presented to her by the Staff, and a cruet from her workmates, on the occasion of her wedding, which took place at St. James' Church, Shirley, on Saturday.



A GROUP FROM LOWER SOUTH.

Photo

[Arthur S. Young.

We would extend a hearty welcome to the three American Doctors who have joined the Hospital Staff. Captains Tilton, Thomas, and Siris will, we think, soon be at home in the congenial atmosphere of the University War Hospital.

+ + +

The patients are grateful to the management of the Palace Theatre, and particularly to the genial Manager, Mr. Murray, for the enjoyment they have derived from the entertainments promoted by them for the benefit of wounded

day, September 22nd. The ceremony was witnessed by a large crowd of friends and admirers, and the bride looked most charming in a pretty dress of white Japanese silk, trimmed with silk insertion. She wore a wreath of orange blossom and myrtle, and a costly veil of Swiss lace. The bridesmaids were Miss E. Taylor and Miss J. Forde. We are pleased to state that Mrs. Lister, after the honeymoon, will continue her duties at the Hospital until such time as her "hubby," Pte. E. Lister, of the Australian Forces, is released from his military duties.

The Hospital Steward.

What a day it has been! "Do I get turpentine here"? Will you please change—phew?—this egg"? May I have Hut so and so's Diet Summary back for alteration"? What about the milk"? It's gone sour. And so it continues, day after day, week after week. If anyone is heard to mention "steward" or "diets" after the War—well, they will be running the risk of being "hung, drawn, and quartered"; for, really, of all the trying and irksome jobs in Hospital, that of steward takes the bun. His troubles are many and bitter. Even o' nights his dreams are centred around lakes of milk, mountains of bread and jam, heaps of doubtful eggs, and hordes (yes, hordes) of Sisters clammering to apologise (?) for having omitted to indent for this or that! He has been known to imagine himself in a beautiful palace, seated on a marble "thrown," in the presence of thousands of "Florence Nightingales" clad in white. An orchestra is playing weird and haunting music ("Back Home in Tennessee," and the like); a purple-robed choir of R.A.M.C. Orderlies is sweetly singing "Roll on Peace," led by the Quartermaster in masterly fashion. He (the Steward; not the Quartermaster) is thrilled with all he sees and hears. He sighs! Life is worth living, after all. All is not milk and margarine. Hark! What is that? The tramping of feet. A door is thrown open; a charming girl glides into the room, accompanied by a brilliant-haired youth of R.A.M.C. fame. He (the steward; not the b. h. y.) is entranced. He longs to hear her voice. Her lips move; she is speaking. What can she have to say to him? —him, the "diet fiend"? At last her words catch his ear—

"Sergeant, are the Stouts in yet?"

There is a crash as of a thousand specimen glasses falling. He wakes up with a sore head. Another day has dawned; another round of bustle and bustle begun. Meat, bread, milk (even beer, beer, glorious beer, at times) to be ordered; a multitude of wants to be attended to, and—even in these days of plenty (?)—they are not easily satisfied! Woe to him if

anything is forgotten! He has visions of nights in "clink," 20 days "C.B.," etc. Tommy's "bread-basket" must be filled; his aches and pains must be attended to. Oh, if one could only juggle with a small loaf or two and a few small fishes! It would have endless worry and a good deal of very forceful language.

The steward loves those Sisters who continually make mistakes, for, being of a religious (?) turn of mind, he believes in the good old "nursery rhyme": "**Love thine enemies as thyself.**" He sets off vowing vengeance, but, being "a mere man," he is won round by their charming (sometimes, "some-where") smiles. And he is not very much perturbed when they tell him:

Milk and water he mixes ever;
Weights and measure he gives never.

R. L.



When a woman will, she will,
You may depend on't.
And when she won't, she won't,
And there's an end on't.



AGONY COLUMN.

WANTED, a wife; young and beautiful; not over 30. Must possess £3,000, a house, and a motor car. Good cook. Not averse to hubby staying out late. Advertiser, with nothing, wishes correspondence, with view to matrimony. Will share fortunes.—Apply, in first case, to "Salome," "B" Con. Hut.

678 —.—Guess we can meet you girls at the Stag Gates Tuesday. Say! Bring your car fare.—"Two Yanks."

POT. CLOR.—Quite flustered. Anxious to see you. Explain re — Avenue. You are right about man, wife, and child.—"Other Female."

DRUMMOND.—Longing see you. Not had taste for a week. Unfortunately, wife's near proximity debars.—"Complaints."

"DINKUM."—Yes; Boots are changed. Call and see.—"Pack Store."

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

What do the Sisters intend to do with the "Diet Fiends" when peace is declared?

+ + +

If the Yankees like Southampton, will they buy it?

+ + +

When do the R.A.M.C. Detachment intend to give a representation of "When Nights were Bold"? They appear to be bold enough in the High Street!

+ + +

What is the attraction Shirley way? We note that a good many of the male staff are often seen in that direction—and not alone!

+ + +

Who is the member of the Staff who, in writing home invariably commences thus: "Dear Mother, I am enclosing p.o. for 10/-—but not this week"?

+ + +

Oh where! oh where! were the boys of "the village" last night? Not very far away, surely, in carpet slippers!

+ + +

What does a certain N.C.O. intend to do with the lady's gloves he brought "home" in his pocket the other night? Happy days!

+ + +

Who is the "Florence Nightingale," or "Lady of the Lamp," who perigrinates round the Hospital o' nights looking for—goodness knows what?

+ + +

Who could the lady member of the Staff be referring to when she was overheard to say: "And he was such a nice boy; so attentive; but, oh, so bashful!" It certainly couldn't be one of the Hartley boys.

+ + +

Who was the man who, in trying to emulate Blondin on the brickfield path in the wee sma' hours, came to grief and toppled down the embankment? The rolling "Medic" gathered no moss, but contracted a few aches and pains.

+ + +

Did the two gallant (?) R.A.M.C. chaps know Bitterne Village was so far away when they volunteered to take the two fair damsels home?

+ + +

Did a certain N.C.O., when on pass, succeed in getting the "good bowl'l of br-r-oth" he had been pining for weeks—even in mid-summer? If so was it gr-r-and?

What is the secret club the R.A.M.C. Staff are always talking about? And who is the President?

+ + +

Who was the "Lance Jack" who was heard to say "If I disguise myself and they recognise me, they won't know me"!

+ + +

When are the Sisters going to challenge the V.A.D.'s at football?

+ + +

Is Pte. — still convinced that he joined up for the good of his "heaf"?

+ + +

Is the Staff Cook's motto: "Roast, roast, roast for ever"?

+ + +

Who was the man seen walking about the corridor the other day with egg on his moustache? The swank-pot!

+ + +

Was the Q.M. serious when he suggested the title of this magazine should be "Regulation Number 9"? Or did he mean "The Runner"?

+ + +

Why did Sergts. Teitel and Simpson stay in to tea for three consecutive afternoons?

+ + +

Is "Ginger" the Orderly "going a-way"? He may be a spow-ow himself some day.

+ + +

Are all Australians married?

+ + +

Who is Sister "Gadabout" —? Rather an insinuating method of addressing a letter, eh?

+ + +

Who is the Scotch Orderly that likes "fag-gots and peas"?

+ + +

How did "Salome" manage to tell the ladies that he and his cobber were "broke"?

+ + +

Who is "Claude"? Perhaps some of the Sisters could inform us.

+ + +

Who is the "civi" that is to be seen almost every evening, promptly at 8 p.m., "hanging on" the Hospital wires? And who does he wait for?

+ + +

Be there a patient with soul so dead
Who unto himself hath never said:
"Oh, for a loaf of home-made bread!"

COLONIAL NOTES.

(By "Dinkum.")

AFTER THE WAR.

Over 28,000 cards have been received by the Victorian State War Council from soldiers, intimating what business they desire to engage in on their return. Over 25 per cent. desire to go on the land. A further 25 per cent. have positions kept open.

BOXER LIES IN STATE.

The body of "Les" Darcy, the Australian boxer, who died in the United States, was conveyed to Sydney. The landing of the heavy casket was witnessed by a large crowd, which formed a procession to Wood Coffill and Co.'s mortuary. An enormous number of people, estimated at 10,000, viewed the body during the day and night as it lay in state. During the evening it was estimated that 2,500 persons were hourly passing through the mortuary. At



THE LAST LOAD.

Patients returning after a spell of "light exercise."

Photo]

[A. S. Young.

WAR NEST EGGS.

The man of the A.I.F. who saves his pay will have a nice little accumulation at the end of the war. Some men in the ranks who count their service from the beginning, have accounts approaching £200.

about 9 o'clock the crowd became so dense that an extra body of police had to be called out to handle the traffic. Admirers of the dead boxer crowded so tightly in front of the mortuary that two large plate-glass windows were broken. The body was taken to West Maitland for burial.

VERSE AND HUMOUR.

Sister: "Has the Orderly taken Jones' temperature yet, Smith?"

Smith: "No, Sister, but he has just pinched his 'bacca.'"

—o—

Pte. S—— was looking glum. "What's the matter, Bill?" he was asked. "Oh," he replied, "t' missus comes down to-day for a week, and I've just been shov'd on nights."

—o—

He had severely injured his thumb in opening a case of medicines, and the nail looked like having to come off. It was very painful. "Why don't you pluck up courage and go to the Operating Theatre? They'd give you a whiff of gas and remove the nail. You wouldn't feel it." "Na fear," came the reply, "I don't like them blooming antiseptics what puts thee to sleep."

—o—

An officer consulted the M.O. of the regiment. "Say, doc, I've got a lot of little white things in my head that bite, and I want your advice."

The keen M.O. immediately gave minute instructions as to the correct form of treatment, etc.

"But, doc, I notice that you also have similar little white things in your head."

The anger and amazement of the Medical Officer can be left to the imagination.

"I mean your feeth, doc."

—o—

Heard at the Enquiry Office:

Female Visitor: "I want to see Pte. —, please."

Orderly: "Yes; what Division is he in?"

Female Visitor: "Lower South, I think they told me."

Orderly (after scrutinizing pass): "Are you any relation of Pte. —?"

Female Visitor: "Why, of course! I'm his landlady."

—o—

The following amusing answer was given by a boy in a general knowledge paper:
"Anatomy is the human body, which con-

sists of three parts—the head, the chist, and the stummick. The head contains the eye and brains (if any); the chist contains the lungs and a piece of the liver; the stummick is devoted to the bowels, of which there are five—a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y."

—o—

The Hospital fire alarm had been sounded as a test. There was a good turn up of Orderlies with fire-buckets, but it was noticed on calling the roll that one individual was missing. The Orderly-Sergt. discovered him attending to the wants of "the inner man" in the Dining Hall. "What'yer doing here? Didn't you hear the alarm?" "Yes, Sergt," came the unexpected reply, "but I hadn't finished my dinner!"

—o—

First Youth: "That blighter McNoon is horribly effeminate."

Second ditto: "Not he. I gave him my seat in a crowded Holyrood car yesterday, and he thanked me for it."

—o—

Wounded Tommy: "My love is boundless and my whole being throbs with longing for you, sweetheart. Yet, I know, only too well that I'm unworthy of you."

She (a casual): "Did you say that to your wife when you proposed to her?"

—o—

Patients are convinced that to put a man on "eggs one" these days is equivalent to putting him on chicken diet.

—o—

Recruiting Officer (to brawny pitman who has just passed his medical examination): "What regiment do you wish to join?"

Pitman: "I don't care."

Officer: "Sure you have no preference?"

Pitman: "Well, put me in one of them that spikes the beggars."—"Punch."

—o—

Sergeant: "What is strategy in war? Give me an instance of it."

Iish Private: "Strategy is whin yez don't let the inimy dischover that ye are out of ammonishun, but kape on firin'!"

SPORTING NOTES.

MELBOURNE CUP ENTRIES, 1917.

(To be run Tuesday, Nov. 6th.)

There are 247 entries for the Melbourne Cup. Patrobas is top weight. The weights of the principal horses are:—Patrobas, 8st. 7lbs.; Desert Gold, 9st. 3lbs.; Fortune Hunter, 9st.; Cetigne, Lavendo, and St. Spasa, 8st. 11lbs.; Garlan, Cagou, Wishing Cap, and Marculfus, 8st. 7lbs.; Burrabadeen, 8st. 6lbs.; Gold Cuffs, Secret Service, and Eastcourt, 8st. 7lbs.; Wallace Isinglass, 8st. 11bs.; Polygamist, 7st. 8lbs.; Deneb, 7st. 7lbs.; Scotch Artillery, 7st. 6lbs.; De Gama, 7st. 5lbs.; Rosanna, 7st. 2lbs.; Half-a-glass, 7st. 1lb.; Air King and Lancer Plume, 6st. 13lbs.

CAULFIELD CUP ENTRIES.

For this event 238 entries were received. Among the handicaps are:—Patrobas, 9st. 6lbs.; Kilboy and Lanius, 9st. 4lbs.; Fortune Hunter, 9st. 2lbs.; Cetigne and Lavendo, 9st.; Cagou, 8st. 12lbs.; Garlan and Burrabadeen, 8st. 11bs.; Wishing Cap, 8st. 7lbs.; Stageland, 8st. 6lbs.; Marculfus and Gold Cuffs, 8st. 5lbs.; Wallace Isinglass, 8st. 4lbs.; Aleconner, 8st. 3lbs.; Prince Bardolph and Lucky Beggar, 8st. 2lbs.; Wedge, 7st. 12lbs.; Dame Quickly, 7st. 10lbs.; De Gama and Two Blues, 7st. 4lbs.; Air King, 7st. 3lbs.; Half-a-glass, 7st. 3lbs.; Rosanna, 7st. 1lb.

FOOTBALL.

The football season is already in full swing, and both the R.A.M.C. staff and patients alike are making good use of the "stretch" behind the Hospital. The Staff are hoping to make great headway in the United Services League, and, judging by their display in the initial game, when they won by two goals to one, they have every reason to be sanguine of success. Sergt. Parker captained the eleven, which turned out as follows: Sergt. Parker; Lce.-Cpl. Jones and Pte. Crosfield; Lce.-Cpl. Russell, E., Sergt. Martin, and Pte. Scutt; Pte. Maygar, Pte. Crossley, Pte. Willis, Pte. Spencer, and Sergt. Lyne. The forward-line was good, the half-backs and backs tip-top, and the "big Sergt.," in goal, "simply great."

ON THE CARPET.

Absent from Roll Call (a crime on the books).
 "Bin on th' lush, I sh'd fink, by 'is looks.
 Creepin' in, frou' th' wires, 'e was, abart nine.
 Didn't 'ave no pass; sed 'e mistook th' time.
 'E ain't 'arf a lad, neever, I giv's ya my wurd;
 Finks 'e's "It" w'en 'e's flashin' around wiv
 a "Bird."
 Gives 'em choklets, I s'pose; makes 'em fink
 'e's a toff.
 Hin the picksters—"Two 'eights,' miss," 'e's
 got sompin' off.
 In "Blues" 'e's bin now, tho', for six munfs
 or so;
 Jined th' Army in 'August, more'n free yers
 ago.
 Killed a few 'uns, too, while sojerin' "Out
 there";
 Laughs like a good 'un—but my, can't 'e
 swear!
 Military Medal 'e wears on 'is chest;
 'Nows 'ow to 'old 'isself, too, when 'e's
 dressed.
 'Olds up' is 'ead, like the sojer 'e is.
 Proud of the King and the Country wot's 'is.
 Quer 'e did look' tho', wen 'e cum 'ere fust;
 Right arm smashed, an' bofe ankles bust.
 Shrapnel it was, and it weren't 'arf a smash,
 Takin' the fird line, they wus, wiv a dash.
 Under two 'ours, an' the job 'ad bin dun;
 Very fast wark in a'ot blazin' sun.
 Wounded, they brought 'im, to "Blighty"
 agen.
 'Xcuse 'im, Sir, plees, 'cos 'e's one o' the men.
 Y! the Nurses jest luv 'im, 'e'll anyfink do;
 Zo forgive 'im this time, and you'll find 'im
 True Blue."

R. WICKS.



A MAN'S IDOL.

Three-fourths of a cross and a circle complete;
 One semi-circle with a perpendicular meet.
 A right-angle triangle standing on feet;
 Two semi-circles and a circle complete—

TOBACCO.

HINTS TO PATIENTS.

Do not rattle your knife and fork on your plate when waiting for meals.
+ + +

If you pick a quarrel with your egg, don't wring its neck; sent it for exchange.
+ + +

Never be uncivil to a Sister. Remember, civility costs nothing.
+ + +

If you have a complaint, make it in the right way.
+ + +

Help the Staff to the best of your ability. Do not forget they helped you when you couldn't help yourself.
+ + +

Waste nothing.
+ + +

Do not run away with the idea that because you are an N.C.O. you are in full charge of the ward.
+ + +

Do not be afraid to take the Officers and Sisters in your confidence. They will assist you in any difficulty.
+ + +

Do not forget to send copies of this Journal to your relatives and friends. They will enjoy it.
+ + +

Always have your cot spick and span by the time the M.O. begins his rounds.
+ + +

**EXTRACTS FROM MY AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.**

After being at the Front nine months, the thing that struck me most forcibly was shrapnel.
—o—

The sweetest girl I ever saw was drawing "bitter" through a straw.
—o—

You can't hear the whizz-bang coming, but you hear him when he's gone, And you know you've missed a "Blighty," or a more unpleasant one; For he streaks along like lightning, and you never hear the sound Of the one that leaves you lying till the stretchers come around.

GIRLS.

Gee! Those girlies are fair lickers, You can bet your rolled gold "tickers," That the local maidens are—well, "treis bien."

They can take a joke, and give one, And they're not a bit offended if You kiss them, hug them, squeeze them, just for fun.

There are girls, of course, and girls; Some with straight hair, some with curls. Heaps with tempers; others with graces good and sweet.

A few, alas! are "eaters," And the reason that they "meet us," Is that we'll take 'em into "Ciro's," for tea.

A few days are sufficient To make us quite efficient, In the art of choosing girls to suit our taste. The fluffy girl, and giddy, can flirt with her infant "middy,"

Till the cows come home for all we soldier care.

She's not our style, you see; At least, she won't do me— A girl with brains and humour for my mate.

The maidens purely sporting, And those averse to courting, Are nice enough, in their respective, quiet way.

But the girls of our desire, Inhabit realms much higher, The girl who can make for us—a perfect day.

She is seldom found in cafés, "Price's," "Lowman's," "Maffey's," And she's not "caught" by a wink, in such a way.

She's content to sup with mother, Until the arrival of that other— The man for whom she makes a perfect day.

Now, I ask you all to heed, Closely, all that here you read. Take a girl for what she is, and trust her thus.

Be she gay, or be she quiet, Let not your passion run a riot; Keep cool, remember that when, some day, You look for one to love,

It must be far above, Those with whom one flirts to pass away the day.

"DINKUM."

POST-BAG.

"Sergt. Bob."—We think it just possible that some day you might blossom into a "perfect" author. Your "Letters of a Penitent Sweetheart" are full of pathos; but, while splendidly composed, somehow lack that touch of genuineness so necessary to appease the heart-throbs of an unhappy maiden. We hope to receive more of your "Letters" at an early date. Why not devote your talents to the composition of a book relating the adventures of "A Night Hawk"?



EXTRACTS FROM TOMMY'S LETTERS.

"Don't worry sending me socks; send the socks on the feet of stalwart reinforcements."

"Give my compliments to all enquiring friends, and say if, they are eligibles, that the men in the trenches, when they return, will call no man "comrade" who has shirked the responsibility of citizenship."

"Every man who goes abroad does not get killed. This idea, fostered by some well-meaning but stupid people, should not be entertained."

"Camp life is healthy and, to the ordinary man—to the man who does not live for comfort and luxury—it is something to be remembered with pleasure."

"Dear Mater,—Enclosed please find p.o. for 10/- I can't."

"Had a mud bath to-day. Fell down a shell-hole—up to the eyes in nice, slimy water. It was grand. (I don't think!)"



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